

Surgery

Robyn Hitchcock

You'll never have the damn thing out
Or meet the pope and kiss his neck
And like him more than you expect
And in my mind the color red
Is writ in blood above your head
Tonight -- when the time is right
You'll never wear the damned thing out
Or meet the queen and kiss her throat
And ask her where she hangs her coat
And in my mind the color blue
Will never be as dark as you
Tonight -- when the time is right
You'll never wash the damned things out
Or meet the judge and kiss his figs
And wonder where he keeps his wigs
And in my mind the color pink
Will do more damage than you think
Tonight
And in my mind the color green
Is oh so lovely and obscene
Tonight -- when the time is right